LADIES MUSEUM.

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LADIES MUSEUM,

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PRIZE TALE.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

[The following Tale, written by a young Lady of Pawtucket, noticed in our last, was adjudged worthy of the second Premium, by the gentlemen to whom were referred the several communications received in consequence of the advertisement inserted in our paper for some time past.]

GRATITUDE.

A TALE.

Youth! ah, youth! to thee, in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heaven and earth—
Health, the hills, content, the fields adorning:
Nature rings with melody and mirth.
Love, invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things: all things yield to love.

MONTGOMERY.

It was in the spring of 1780, so long to be remembered by the good people of Connecticut, that our story commences. The sun was just going down on a lovely valley, in a certain town in ———. A refreshing shower had just fallen, and herb, tree and plant bent beneath the pearly weight of innumerable rain drops. On one hand, was seen, a mountain, gently and gracefully ascending, though broken by some slight ravines, without which its regularity might have given it the appearance of art, and transferred the honor of its formation, from the Almighty Builder, to created man. On the other side, a huge rock swelled abruptly from below. Its rough and craggy top seemed to reach the clouds, and look frowningly on the quiet scene that was stretched beneath it. Its ragged and perpendicular sides were covered with the long moss peculiar to America; and from every crevice the wild lettuce and the violet peeped forth in fragrant beauty. A small river, or rather brook, found its source in some fountain of the rock, and rolled its murmuring waters through a deep ravine, to the bottom: thence, into a beautiful basin of pure white lime stone, which stood ready to receive it. Projecting from thence, in several small streams, it meandered through the valley; and in its pebbly course, with its banks fringed with willows, gave the finishing touch to one of nature's finest landscapes. The late rain had swelled the current, and it rushed headlong down the rock, and plunged into the basin, with relentless fury. The rising spray, together with the rain, (which had not entirely ceased falling,) painted on the cloud the great Bow of promise, one point of which rested on the rock, the other on the mountain; and thus spanned together, by that splendid arch, the beautiful and terrible, formed the truly sublime.

And was there not one, (you ask,) to enjoy this scene of unmatched beauty? There was; and one, too, capable of tracing the hand of God, in all his works. Yes, the cheek of Mohaski glowed with the purest devotion, as he looked on this fair prospect, with the extatic flow of feeling, which scenes like this ever impress on the enthusiastic Indian. He knelt to the earth, and poured forth a prayer, characteristic of his high-toned feelings; and there was something, infinitely touching, in his voice, formed for the high and imperative tone of command, now softened into the murmur of humble supplication.—His prayer, in effect, was this:

"Great Father of our hapless race! send thy blessing on the flock of thy pastures. Thou hast sent hither, wolves, to devour and scatter us; but a shepherd, too, hast thou sent to bring home the poor Indian to the fold of grace. O! happy, happy thought. I can see the bright promise written on yonder bow. The heavens are full of thy glory; and the earth speaks its Maker's praises. The little birds warble forth their gratitude, and the lowly blossoms send up a fragrant offering to the common Parent—and shall man be silent, when inanimate things are praising thee? Shall he, to whom thou gavest thine own image, look, without reverence, on thy mighty works, of which himself is the mightiest? Impossible. It is the sublime behest of reason, to love and know thee; and, without this, we were more savage than the wild hyena; more brutal than the grovling swine. Send forth thy holy spirit: may it come on the wings of the morning; nor let the shadows of evening obscure its glory, until thy praises shall echo from the plaines to the hill tops, and thy holiest temple shall be the human heart."

Here he paused, overcome by his grand conceptions of Deity, and the sublime promises of evangelical truth. From some sudden impulse he bent forward to the earth, when an arrow whizzed through the vacant air, which, had it not been for his sudden movement, must have found a home in his heart.—He arose, and turned hastily around; and, as he did so, a youth, pursued by a troop of savages, bounded into the open arms of the Indian.

But not even the hallowed arms of their prophet was a refuge from the blood-thirsty wretches, who stood, like a herd of demons, panting for breath.—One of the party bore a human scull, on the point of a long pole, a high ensign of death and cruelty.—Their painted faces glowed a fiercer red, in the last beam of the setting sun; but he has withdrawn that one ray, and left a shade more congenial with their savage natures.

"Brother, (said the leader, approaching with a chain,) let me bind this round the limbs of that boy, and lead him to the stake, that his dying groans may soothe the spirit of a murdered brother."

"Stop, stop, (said Mohaski, in a voice of thunder,) would you have the scalp of your holy prophet as a companion for that ye bear? Then touch this boy: for, not till then, will I release him; not till ye have torn asunder the heart that beats but for your welfare, and trampled on him, who has strengthened your hearts, and nerved your arms for battle. Nor is he the murderer. He has been accused, by an artful man, to screen himself. Go your way, and may the great spirit recompence you for your loss."

The dismayed savages, by common consent, withdrew, one by one, and left Henry Hubert alone with his deliverer. Mohaski led the way to the western side of the rock, where a small opening appeared, and pushing aside the bushes, they entered a subteraneous cave. A long passage way led from the door, and terminated in the entrance of a spacious chamber. The walls and floor were of lime stone, which, when illuminated, produced a beautiful effect. A row of natural seats was ranged around the room; these were covered with furs, the trophies of many a hard chase. The walls were decorated with the skins of various animals, intersperced with bows and arrows. A small recess in the apartment was filled with herbs and roots, which Mohaski affirmed, with judicious application, to be sufficient to cure all the diseases incident to man. As Mohaski seated himself in this apartment, he enquired of Henry the cause of his late difficulty, and learned, that he had been out hunting, and had strayed farther into the woods than he was aware, when he was surprised by a party of Indians, and accused of having killed the brother of one of them. They had doubtless mistaken him for another, and were preparing to carry him to the stake, when their plans were defeated by Mohaski. Henry attempted to express his gratitude; but when the heart is full, the tongue is silent; and when we feel the most, we can say nothing. He was possessed of the finest feelings, and a heart that melted at every act of kindness; but its very fulness fixed a seal on his lips, and he could only press the hand of his deliverer in silent gratitude. He had, when quite a boy, saved the life of Mohaski, who was attacked by a party of men, and his single arm had laid all but one of them to the earth, when he received a wound in the side. At this moment Henry sprung forward and averted a blow which would have finished the desperate work. The man slank away, ashamed of his murderous design, for he had been in the service of Henry's father, and dreaded the event, should it be known to his old master. He

raised the fainting Indian, who pointed to some plants that grew near; and, on their application, the blood was stanched, and he soon recovered strength sufficient to walk to the cave, with the assistance of Henry.

For a long time he was unable to go abroad. Henry and Ellen Douglas visited him daily, and instructed him in the rudiments of our language. He could soon converse very tolerably, when they explained the first principles of our religion. He soon became deeply interested in its sublime precepts—and the great prophet Mohaski acknowledged himself a convert to the mild religion of the cross. He felt the kindness of his young friends with all the ardour of an Indian's gratitude; and his life would have been laid down to serve them.

"Rest here, (said Mohaski,) and calm thy troubled spirit, and thy heart, my son, shall tell thee where I go."

A deep blush suffused the pale features of Henry, and told Mohaski how well he understood the allusion, as, with a smile, he withdrew and left him to think of Ellen Douglas.

Major John Hubert had emigrated from Scotland in early life, and had brought hither a high relish for crowns and coronets, altogether incompatable with the spirit of patriotism displayed by his friend and neighbor, Mr. Douglas. They came to this country together, and had always lived on the most intimate terms until the war, when the Major was surprised to hear his friend had joined the rebels, (as he called them;) and from this moment the intimacy was suspended, though at heart they were still friends.

He married an amiable woman, who survived her union only three years, and left her disconsolate husband to educate the little Henry, who had now reached his twentieth year—a full compensation for all his father's care. His delicate and youthful features might have given him an effeminate appearance, were it not for a noble air and loftiness of manner, which admirably blended the grace of youth with the dignity of manhood. A restless fire shone in his hazel eye; it was the fire of genius and of heroism.—And as we trace his features, one pleasing association follows another, until the mind is lost in anticipating how good or great he may be—so striking was the promise of future worth. Hitherto his life had been all sunshine, and he had known sorrow, only to relieve it. But this day's experience had taught him a lesson long to be remembered. It had shown him the weakness of man, the futility of all his hopes, and his constant state of insecurity. He felt he had been snatched by divine Providence from a dreadful death; and so deeply was his soul occupied on these reflections, that he had scarcely noticed the absence of Mohaski, ere a light, quick step announced his return. Henry sprang from his seat and explored the passage way with an eagerness that told for whom he sought. Nor was he disappointed, when a figure appeared, wrapped in a large cloak, which she laid aside, and discovered a countenance full of expression, and a person full of grace, dignity and strength of mind; energy of character and purity of heart beamed in the full clear light of her azure eye; and her bright yellow curls, now disordered by the night breeze, floated round a face of angel purity. Henry's heart misgave him at the look of sorrow with which she received his extended hand; and they were both too much agitated to speak.

"We may never meet here again, (at last, said Ellen, mournfully;) my brothers leave this, to-morrow, for their respective regiments, and you must either go with them or remain an idle spectator of your country's wrongs."

"But my father, (said Henry,) I have not yet mentioned the subject to him; and I very much fear a direct refusal."

"Then do not delay it one moment. You know his enmity against our cause has of late been very much softened. He has witnessed so much of oppression on the one hand, and forbearance on the other, as to convince him of its justice. Go to him; tell him you feel it a high and imperative duty to join our standard, and add one to the little band of patriots that yet dares to vindicate the equal rights of man. Call for my brothers, they may help to subdue the old gentleman's prejudices. Meet me at twelve, under the Elm at the foot of the lane, and tell the success of your plan. I can stay no longer, as I have left home without the knowledge of the family."

Thus saying, she darted away and left him to admire the undaunted fervor of her heart. The firmness she had assumed, now gave way, and she sunk, overpowered, under a large Sycamore, whose drooping branches almost obscured the moon, and cast a deep shade around it. She had been there but a few moments, when two figures appeared, one of which was wrapped in a large cloak that completely disguised it. The other she immediately recognized as a man who had formerly been in the service of her father, but was dismissed for some misdemeanor. They were in earnest conversation—and though they spoke in a low tone, she heard, distinctly, all they said.

"She goes to the Concert to-morrow night, (said the figure in the cloak;) her brothers will be gone, and it is probable there will be no one in the carriage except the sister and youngest brother. During the exercises, invite the coachman to take a dram with you—he will be unable to leave the house, and you must mount the box, in his room, and drive to the corner of the wood, where I will meet you with a chaise; and Miss Ellen may be glad to acknowledge herself the wife of Dermot; and I will teach the surly old rebel, her father, that my friendship is not to be slighted."

"But some how, I hate to plague the young lady, she is so kind; and though the old man turned me away, for striking one of the servants, in a drunken fit, yet she is so kind, and smiles so sweetly when she calls to give Tom and Hannah a parcel of plums and sweet cakes——"

"Have done with your idle prating, and tell me if you accept my proposal: ten pounds, with a place in the army; and a handsome additional present, in case you succeed."

By this time Ellen's fears were insupportable; for she too well knew herself was the subject of their discourse; and she had nothing to hope, should she fall into the hands of the savage Dermot. He was an officer in the British army, who quartered near there, and had often tried to establish an intimacy with the family, but was repelled by the coldness of her father, who, at last, plainly told him he did not care about harboring the enemies of his country.—His haughty spirit could not brook this, and he withdrew, much to the relief of Ellen, who had been constantly annoyed by his fulsome compliments.—Ellen was overcome with sudden faintness, and uttered an involuntary groan, as they passed within reach of her. Had she remained silent, they would not have discovered her, for they were just leaving the place. But they returned to the tree, and dragged forth their trembling victim to a destiny she would have exchanged for the stake.

"Ha! lovely Ellen! will you despise me now? (said Dermot, in a tone of bitter irony.) You have anticipated my plans, and this precludes the necessity of an explanation. Come, look up, my dear, and prepare to become a follower of King George's camp."

"Monster! reflect on what you are about; for my brothers will ransack heaven and earth to avenge me. Nor would the throne itself protect you against their vengeance. They will hunt you to the very feet of royalty, and send your unholy spirit where it may find associates."

"Your brothers, with all the rebel crew, may soon taste the sweets of captivity; nor will their chains be lighter when they find their lovely sister is the spoiler's prey; and the grey hairs of your father may soon claim six feet of earth."

"Inhuman wretch! rail not at him, lest thy prophecy should turn on thine own head. There is, above, a God of justice, and he will give success to the righteous cause; and you and your proud country may be compelled to yield the meed of victory to American valor."

All this time he had been hurrying her along towards the bank of the river, on the opposite side of which, a friend resided, with whom he quartered, with several other officers, as the camp was near.—As they passed near several houses, he tied a bandage round her mouth, and hurried her along with a rapidity that told his fears. His companion had stolen silently away before they left the tree, ashamed of his villany. Dermot's anger knew no bounds when he made this discovery; and he was obliged to tie Ellen to a tree while he made the boat ready for her reception. He had fastened her hands so carelessly that she managed to untie the knot; and as he ascended the bank, he stepped on the end of an oar, which she raised, suddenly, and threw him, backward, into the water. She immediately ran into a thicket, which she had scarcely reached when she heard him re-ascend the bank, vowing to be revenged. He came directly to the thicket, which he had seen her enter, when she fled from it, screaming for help. His wet clothes considerably impeded his progress; and just as he reached her, a large club, sent by some unknown hand, laid him to the earth; and as he fell, a man sprung from the shrubbery, and Ellen fell, fainting, into the arms of Mohaski. He had met the farmer, who gave him the particulars of her capture, and pointed out the place where the boat lay. Mohaski was on the way thither, when he met Ellen, and rescued her from the hands of her

persecutor. He immediately conducted her home. They found the house in such a state of confusion, preparatory to the departure of the officers, that she had not been missed. Mohaski advised Ellen not to keep her appointment with Henry, for Dermot might be sufficiently recovered to send out spies to watch all her movements. She therefore requested Mohaski to take a note from her window, and carry it to the Elm, to prevent Henry from waiting, when he arrived there.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE MOSS ROSE.

Flowers, the emblems of youth, and beauty, and innocence, and no less the frail mementos of human life—each, in the comparative brevity of its transient history, the same—have ever mingled with the story of affection, and shed their own sweet influence over the dreams of romance, and the rustic tale of village courtship. How often has a simple flower been the medium of intercourse between a diffident lover and his mistress—and told to her musing spirit the secret of his heart. How often, when kindred spirits have been doomed to separate, has a blushing flower remained the silent witness of unspoken vows. How many promises have lived on to their consummation, in the memory of flowers.

"Mama, (said Lauretta, one morning, to Mrs. La Branch,) I have a pretty Moss Rose for our flower garden; shall I plant it in the border, by the summer-house?"

"Certainly, if you please, (said the good lady,) but where did you get such a treasure, Lauretta."

The sweet girl put on a deep blush—she had never dreamed of such a question, and was not prepared to answer it. With the dexterous ingenuity, so peculiar to her sex, however, she extricated herself at a single thought:

"A friend, Ma, a friend gave it to me, as a keep sake."

Old Mr. La Branch, who was reading the morning news over his coffee, lifted up his eye at the moment—"Has Edward gone, then?" said he, with a quizzing smile, and without waiting an answer, sipped his coffee, and went on with the paper; and Lauretta escaped from the breakfast table as soon as an opportunity offered.

The flower was planted in the sunniest spot; and Lauretta watered it with so much care, and nursed it so attentively, that it took deep root, and bore a full crop of roses. They were her companions; she used to sit, for hours, in her favorite bower, and gaze upon them, and recall all the tender recollections they brought to mind; and when the long summer months had faded away, and the autumn came in his garb of pensive sadness, to wither the leaves and flowers, she redoubled her diligence to preserve them from the fate of their mates of the garden; and to screen them from the unpropitious season, she conveyed the rose bush to her own neat parlor, and still made it her hourly companion.

Edward Martin and Lauretta were old acquaintances. He had gone on business to Liverpool. Before he sailed, he had brought her the Moss Rose; and he intended to say he brought it as a pledge of *—friendship;* he did not hope to be able to say more. He saw Lauretta—sat the flower down by her side—but his courage evaporated—his feelings overpowered him—and he could not utter a word about it.

The time had not yet arrived in which Edward was expected to return; when, early one morning, the door opened, and Mr. La Branch came in from his morning walk, with Edward, whom he had met rambling in the direction of the mansion; and who had reached home the evening before. The family pressed round their friend; and Lauretta's eyes sparkled, and they both blushed when they shook hands. There was such a mutual welcome as does the heart good—in which words spoke far less cordially than feelings.

A hasty breakfast over, Lauretta took him to her parlour, and pointed to the budding rose bush:

"I have kept it, (she said;) it is still fresh and beautiful."

"I forgot the flower, (replied Edward;) I thought only of you."

Lauretta blushed, and hung her head. Meantime, Mr. La Branch, having lit his morning pipe, walked into the room:

"I have spoken to the Domine——"

"To marry us?" asked Lauretta, and Edward, in the same breath, interrupting him; so entirely had *that* subject engrossed their minds, that the words came out without a thought; and perfect confusion would have overwhelmed them both, but the old gentleman burst into a laugh:

"No, children, (said he,) I spoke to him about a little roasting pig he was to send us for to-morrow's dinner; and I was going to say Edward must come over and help us eat it; but I will tell him to bring his spectacles and prayer book along with him, and the other business can be done at the same time—good morning:" and turning on his his heel, he walked directly over to the parsonage.

* * * * * * * * *

Edward and Lauretta occupy the neat cottage in the valley between the two estates, and afford a perfect commentary on the happiness of the married life, when it is founded on mutual love, and surrounded by the thousand charms of virtue. I have often thought of them, and the simple history of their courtship, when reading the accounts of breaches of marriage contracts, so frequent in our days. Theirs was the mutual pledge of hearts—unspoken, unexpressed—the only contract which is never broken—the only one, in these matters, which is worth the name.

READY WIT.

A boy having been praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed, when children are so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid when they advance in years. "What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir," replied the child.

ZENO ON LOVE.

Zeno being told that love was unbecoming a philosopher: "If this were true, (replied Zeno,) the fate of the fair sex would be lamentable, not to be loved but by fools."

A WISE MAN.

A person advertising for a country house, thus concludes: "If no hounds within ten miles, and if no attorney within twenty, the more agreeable."

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

THE GARLAND, NO. 3.

Mr. Editor—

The enclosed lines were received a few days since from a lady in Newport by her friend in this town—and to snatch them from oblivion I send them to you for publication; by giving them an insertion in your Museum you will confer a great favor.

SIGMA.

LINES,

On hearing of the death of a relative.

Sad and solemn to the thoughts are news of death;
Yet doubly sad and sorrowful the tidings
When friend or kindred dies. I such tidings hear.
A friend and kindred too is summoned hence. Death
But lately chose her for his victim. The morn
Of life was gilding brightly all her future
Prospects. Her friends much joy anticipated
In her welfare. Suddenly the scene was changed.

ELECTA'S voice is heard no more. No longer
Are the smiles of hope seen on her countenance.
Her eye no longer beams with joy and gladness.
For thee, departed friend, the tear of sorrow
Freely flows. With grief we mourn thine early doom.
Could human aid or art thy life have ransom'd
From an early grave, thou hadst not died.
But heaven's decree ordain'd it thus; and heaven's King
Can never err. Then let us feel submission.

FARE THEE WELL.

I mourn thee—yet I do not weep
That thou art mine no more;
I love thee—yet my feelings sleep,
In silence, as before.

A common loss might tears bewail,
But not a loss like thine:
And words might serve love's fancied tale,
But never love like mine.

I wrong'd thee—and the silken thread
That bound our hearts in one,
(Though years of gloom and anguish fled,)
Hath sever'd—thine is gone!

Now others, in thy gentle eye,
Love's tender truths may see;

And I shall gaze, like them, but spy
No look of love for me.

The smiles that once were all my own,
Must be another's pride;
And tears, that flow'd for me alone,
Now flow for all beside.

Nay, nay, I blame thee not—the wrong,
Fault, folly, all were mine;
For thou had'st lov'd and suffer'd long,
Ere change of soul was thine.

Lov'd one! no tear is in my eye,
Though pangs my bosom thrill;
For I have learn'd, when others sigh,
To suffer, yet be still.

Passion, and pride, and flattery strove—
They made a wreck of me;
But, Oh! I never ceas'd to love:
I never lov'd but thee!

My heart is with our early dream,
And still thy influence knows,
Still seeks thy shadow on the stream
Of memory, as it flows:

Still hangs o'er all the records bright,
Of moments brighter still,
Ere love withdrew his starry light,
Ere thou had'st suffer'd ill.

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! no human will
Can bid that time return:
There's not a light on earth can fill,
Again, love's darken'd urn:

'Tis vain! upon my heart, my brow,
Broods grief, no words can tell;
But grief, itself, is idle now—
Belov'd one! *Fare thee well!*

KEEP YOUR TEARS FOR ME.

BY MOORE.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine.

But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
O! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow:

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jora's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.

But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1826.

"IT IS JUST AS I SAY ABOUT THAT."

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed an act allowing divorces at the request of either party!!!

THE FEMALE EYE.

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye:—The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure.

A HERMIT.

It is stated in the Thomaston (Maine) Register, that there has resided, for a number of years past, in the back part of the town of Montville, a Hermit, of the name of Barrett. He has dwelt in a cave, the work of his own hands, dug on the bank of a small river, and carefully secured at the entrance, against the intrusion of wild beasts, by a large log, sufficiently hollow to admit of his entering. He rejects every kind of luxury which may be offered him—the fruits of the earth, that grow spontaneously in the woods around him, being his only food—water, from the limpid stream, his only drink. Since his retirement from the world, he has copied the bible twice, once on paper, and once on the bark of the birch tree.

About a year since he moved from his cave in Montville farther into the woods, the country having become so much settled around him, that he was frequently annoyed by visitors. He was the son of a respectable farmer in Massachusetts, who obliged him to marry a woman he disliked, having previously formed an attachment to another. He lived with his wife but a short time, when, it is said, rather than endure the society of her he could not love, he determined to forsake the world and its pleasures, and secretely left his native town, for Maine, and took up his abode in the wilderness.

SOCIETY OF THE FAIR.

We learn from Snowden's (N. Y.) Advocate, that since the census of that State was taken by which it appears that there are nearly *thirty thousand* more males than females, a very serious question has been agitated among the tribe of bachelors. What is a great number of them to do for wives? Ay, there's the rub, as Hamlet says. It is supposed by some among the wise ones that the single gentlemen sort of amusements will flourish amazingly in that State—such as horse racing, billiard playing, keeping bachelor's hall, and such like things. Others say it would be a good plan to import Maryland beauties, as the heavy tax of *eight thousand dollars a year* upon marriages in that State, will drive many of them to the northward. But it may be questionable whether the Maryland marriage policy is not a leaf taken from Secretary Rush's book, by which high duties are made to encourage domestic manufactures. Now, whether the high duties upon marriages in Maryland has operated as an encouragement in the increase of population seems at least to be very questionable.—They do not impose any duties or imports upon marriage in New-York, and yet we see the people marrying and giving in marriage as fast as they can. But the great evil is, the scarcity of females. A great and growing State found to be thirty thousand *minus*, has thrown the inhabitants into a great deal of consternation. It is said by some that there will be a great scramble for wives in the month of May next, and that all the cases of breach of promise will be struck from the doquet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Omicron," "Sigma," and "A. W. S." shall be attended to as circumstances will permit.

MARRIED,

In this town, on Thursday evening week, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. James Albro to Miss Amey-Ann B. Seamans.

On the 12th inst. by Rev. Mr. Seamans, Mr. Thos. Reynolds to Miss Sarah Gifford.

DIED,

In this town, on Friday morning week, Elizabeth S. Jenkinson, daughter of Mr. Richard F. Jenkinson, aged 7 years.

On Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs. Clarissa Simons, in the 38th year of her age, wife of William Simons, Esq. Mrs. S. was a lady equally distinguished for amiability of disposition and cultivation of mind. As the mother of a youthful family of six children, her sphere of action was interesting and useful; and she uniformly filled it with the tenderness of a parent, and the firmness and intelligence of the judicious instructor. Although her residence with us has been but short, yet her exemplary deportment and interesting manners has rendered her memory dear to a numerous circle of friends, who deeply sympatize with the afflicted family of the deceased, in the irreparable loss they have been called to sustain; and though she was summoned from her earthly enjoyments in the midst of her days, and in the hour of her fondest hopes, yet there remains to her surviving friends the strong assurance that her spirit is at rest in a better world.

On Wednesday morning last, Mrs. Eliza Clapp, wife of Mr. Waterman Clapp, and only daughter of Mr. Wm. Woodward, of this town, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 14th inst. Royal Holden, son of the late Mr. Royal Ormsbee, aged 7 months.

☞ New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.